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But It Was Only A Dollar



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Chapter 1 by Kiri

It sat there, tempting me. Urging me to reach out and take it. The tin flashed it's metal lid at me, its contents full of dollars and change. What could be bad? It was only a dollar. Now the container was open, money lying there silently awaiting my next move. My greedy fingers slid open the lid quietly and carefully. They could feel the smooth exterior of the dollar as it came into my hand. Once the dollar was in my pocket, I grew more confident. I could take another, but I shouldn't. I knew this was wrong, and I couldn't. But I did. I was about to go for another when I felt a pair of eyes glaring into the back of my head. Oh know, I had been caught! Fortunately, I was only eight...

Chapter 2 by The Harlequeen



"Dear, the results came back from the child behavioral psychologist. She's a kleptomaniac. An eight year old kleptomaniac, and a very serious case indeed."

"Will they have to mhf hmm hm hhhm hmm or some thing?"

I pressed my ear to door, why wouldn't mother talk louder?

"hmmm, hm hm medication, mmmmmf smmmhhh sssfmmm?"

Darn. they were whispering now I wouldn't be able to hear. I crept off down the hallway

towards the cabinet in the front room. I hadn't looked through it thoroughly and I was itching to see what was in the rosewood box. I stood on it. Still not tall enough. A

book. Three more books. I reached up with my finger tips and tugged, it was heavier than I thought. I pulled it down. It was four books, the jewelry

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case, and the rosewood box tumbled to the floor with a few thumps, a loud clatter, and an oof as the box landed on my stomach.

"Rose! What is going on here!"

Father picked up the box of my lap and it fumbled with it, then it fell open. Letters fluttered all over the room, Father stood in the middle of the room, his mouth open in an O shape. Mother bent to pick up one of the letters. She unfolded it, then burst into tears and ran from the room.

2 Weeks Later

Mother hasn't left her bed for a fortnight, I can't stop stealing things and hiding them away. I wake up in the middle of the night and hear Mother wailing someones name over and over again.

"Ruby," she wails, "Ruby!" I remember an Aunt Ruby from when I was very small. She was young and pretty and her eyes sparkled. I think she died. Is this the same Ruby? Please help. I can't stop taking things and Father grows angrier by the day. I think Mother is dying.....

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